Here begynneth the testamēt of Johñ Lydgate monke of Berry: which he made hymselfe/ by his lyfe dayes.

INRI
BRITISH
MUSEUM

THeyeres passed/ of my tender youthe
Of my freshe age/ feared the greneselle
Lust apalled/ therperpence is couthe
The vnweldy ioyntes/ starked with rudenesse
The cloudy syght/ mysted with darkenesse
Withdut redresse: recure/ or amendes
To me of dethe/ haue brought in the kalendes.

¶ Of myspent tyme/ a fole may well complayne
Thyng impossyble/ agayne for to recure
Idell dayes ylost/ who can call agayne
Them to reflourme/ by any aduenture
Else mortall man/ is called to the lure
Of dethe/ alas vncertayne the passage
Whose chiefe marynet/ is called croked age.

¶ One of his bedellys/ named Feblenes
Came with his potent/ in stede of a mace
Somyoned me/ and after warde came sickenes
Palyncolyke: erthely and pale of face
With their warrant/ these twayne can manace
That dethe of me/ his due dette sought
And to a bedde of langoure/ they me brought.

¶ Whervnto me/ a none their dyd apere
Whyle that I lay/ complayning in a traunce
Cladde in a mantell/ a woman sadde of chere
Blacke was her abyte/ sobre was her countenaūce
Strange of her port/ frowarde of dalyaunce
Castyng her loke/ to mewarde in certayne
Lyke as of me: she had/ had dysdayne.

¶ This sayd woman / called was Remembraũce
Of myspent tyme / in youthes lustynes
Which to recorde / dyd me great greuaunce
Than came her suster / named Pensyfnes
For olde surfettes / gan vnto me dresse
A wofull byll / which brought vnto my mynde
My great outrages / of long tyme left behynde.

¶ Lyeng alone / I gan to Imagyne
Howe with foure tymes / departed is the yere
First: howe in Vere / the soyle tenlumyne
Buddes gynning open / agayne the sonne clere
The baume vprayled / most souerayne and entere
Out of the rote / dothe naturally ascende
With newe lyuere the barayne soyle tamende.

¶ The Honysocle / the fresshe Primmerolles
Their leaues splay / at Phebus vprysyng
The amorous foules / with notes and carolles
Salewe that season / euery mornyng
Whan Auroza / her lycoure dystellyng
Sent on herbes / the perly dropes shene
Of syluery dewes / tenlumyne with the grene.

¶ This tyme Vere is named / of greennesse
Tyme of ioye / of gladnesse and dysport
Tyme of growyng / chefe mother of freshenesse
Tyme of retoysing ordayned for confort
Tyme: whan tyme / maketh his resort
In gery sshe Marche / towarde the Arpete
Our emyspery / to gladen with his hete.

¶ But to dyrect by grace / my mater
Mekely knelyng: Jesu / in thy presence
I me purpose / to gynne with prayer
Under thy mercyfull / fructuous influence
So thou Jesu / of thy benyuolence
To my requestes by mercyfull attendaunce
Graunt or I dye: shrift housell repentaunce.

My wretched lyfe tamendden / and correct
I me purpose / with support of thy grace
Thy dethe / thy passyon / thy crosse shall me dyrect
Which suffredyst deth Jesu / for our trespace
I wretche vnworthy / to loke vpon thy face
Thy fete enbrasyng / from which I shall nat twyn
Mercy enquiryng / thus woll I begyn.

¶ Oratio.

O Mighty lorde / of power mightyest
Without whom / all force is feblenes
Boũteous Jesu / of good goodlyest
Mercy thy bedyll / or þ thy dõe dresse
Delayeth rygour / to punysshe my wyckednesse
Lengest abyding lothest to do vengeaunce
O blessed Jesu / of thyne hyghe goodnesse
Graunt or I dye / shrift / housell / repentaunce.

¶ Though thou be mighty / þ art eke mercyable
To all folkes / that mekely them repent
I a wretche: contagyous and culpable
To all outrages / redy for to assent

But of hole hert and wyll/ in myne entent
Of olde and newe/ all vycious gouernaunce
Of youth and age/ and of mistyme spent
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Of my confessyon/ receyue the sacryfice
By my tong/ vp offred vnto the
That I may say/ in all my best gyse
Mekely with Dauyd/ haue mercy vpon me
Salue all my sores/ that they nat cancred be
With none olde rust/ of dysesperaunce
Which of hole hert/ cry vpon my kne
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell / repentaunce.

¶ O Jesu Jesu/ here myne oryson
Bridell myne outrage/ vnder thy dyscyplyne
Fetter sensualyte/ enjumpne my reason
To folowe the traces/ of spyrituall doctryne
Let thy grace lede me/ right as a lyne
With humble hert/ to lyue to thy plesaunce
And blessed Jesu/ or I this lyfe shall fyne
Graunt of thy mercy: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Suffre me to haue/ sauour nor swetnes
But in thy name/ that called is Jesu
All forayne thynges to me make bytternes
Saue onely Jesu/ moost souerayne of vertue
To my profession/ acordyng and moost due
Euer to be paynted/ in my remembraunce
At myne ende/ to graunt me this yssue
To fore my dethe: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ No lorde but Jesu/ moost merciable & benygne
Which of mercy/ toke our humanyte
And of loue/ to shewe a souerayne sygne
Suffred passyon/ vpon the rode tre
Onely to fraunchyse/ our mortalyte
Which stode in danger/ of Sathans encombraũce
Or I passe hens/ Jesu graunt vnto me
Tofore my dethe: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ I am excyted/ and moued of nature
This name of Jesu/ souerayntly to prayse
Name commended/ moost hyghly in scripture
Which name hath power/ deed men to rayse
To lyue eternall/ whose vertue dothe so payse
Agayne my synnes/ wayed in balaunce
That grace and mercy/ shall so counterpayse
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Let me nat rest/ nor haue no quyete
Ocupy my soule/ with spyrituall trauayle
To syng and say/ mercy Jesu swete
My protectyon/ agayne fendes in batayle/
Settyng a syde/ all other apparayle
And in Jesu/ to put all myne affyaunce
Treasour of tresours/ that may me moost auayle
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ My fayth/ my hope: to the Jesu dothe call
Which glorious name/ shall neuer out of mynde
I shall the seke/ what happe that euer befall
By grace and mercy/ in trust I shall the synde

And but I dyd / truely I were vnkynde
Which for my sake / was pearsed with a launce
Unto the hert / Jesu leaue nat behynde
Graunt or I dye: shrift / housell / repentaunce.

¶ There is no god / but thou Jesu alone
Soueraynest / and eke mooste mercyfull
Fayrest of fayre: erly / late / and soone
Stable and mooste strong / pytuous and rightfull
Refourmyng synners / that ben in vertue dull
Dauntyng the proude / mekenesse to enhaunce
Thy tonne of mercy / is euer lyke full
Graunt or I dye: shrift / housell / repentaunce.

¶ Suffre of mercy / I may to the speke
O blessed Jesu / and goodly do aduert
Who shall gyue leaser / out to breke
That thou Jesu / mayst entre into myne hert
There tabyde / more nere than my shert
With aureate letters / graue therin substaunce
Prouyde for me / and let it nat astert
Graunt or I dye: shrift / housell / repentaunce.

¶ Say to my soule Jesu / thou art myne helth
Hearyng this voyce / after I shall pursue
Skoure that place / from all goostly fylth
And vyces all / from thens do remewe
Thyne holy goost / close in that lytell mewe
Parte nat lightly / make suche cheupsaunce
To encrease in vertue / and vyces to eschewe
And or I dye: shrift / housell / repentaunce.

¶ Shewe glad thy face/ & thy light downe shede
The mercyfull lyght/ of thyne eyen twayne
On me thy seruaunt/ which hath so mekyll nede
For his synnes to wepe/ and complayne
And blessed Jesu/ of mercy nat dysdayne
Thy gracious showres/ let rayne in habundaunce
Upon my hert to dewyn euery bayne
And for Idye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Saue me thy seruaunt/ O lorde: in thy mercy
For lacke of which/ let me nat be confounded
For in the Jesu/ myne hope standeth finally
And all my trust in the Jesu/ is grounded
For my synnes: thynke Jesu/ thou were wounded
Naked on the rode/ by mortall great penaunce
By which/ the power of Sathan was cõfounded
Graunt for Idye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Thou art my socoure/ and refuge
Gayne euery tempest/ and trybulacion
That wordely wawes/ with their mortall deluge
Ne drowne me nat/ in their dredefull dongyon
Where Carybdis/ hath dompnacion
And Syrenes/ syngeth songes of dysturbaunce
To passe that daunger/ be thou my protectyon
Graunt for Idye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Who shall gyue me/ lyke myne entent
That thou Jesu/ wayst make thyne herberage
By receyuyng/ of the holy sacrament
Into myne hert/ which is to myne olde age

Repaste eternall/ gayne all forayne damage
Duely receyued/ with deuout obseruaunce
Celestyall guerdon/ ende of my pylgremage
Is shrift/ and housell/ and hertely repentaunce.

¶ I fele myne hert brotell/ and ruynous
Nat puryfied Jesu/ therin to rest
But as a carpenter/ cometh to a broken house
Or an artyficer/ repayreth a ryuen chest
So thou Jesu/ of crafty men the best
Repayre my thought/ broke with mysgouernaũce
Vyset my soule/ my hert of steele thou brest
Graunt or I dye: shrift housell/ repentaunce.

¶ With wepyng eyen/ and a contryte chere
Accept me Jesu/ and my complaynt conceyue
As moost vnworthy tappere at thyne autere
Which in my selfe/ no vertue apperceyue
But if thy mercy/ by grace me receyue
By synfull lyueng/ brought vnto vttraunce
Pray with good hope/ which may me nat deceyue
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ Cryeng to the/ that dyedest on the rode
Which with thy blode/ was stayned & made reed
And on sherethursday/ gaue vs to our fode
Thy blessed body Jesu/ in fourme of breed
To me moost synfull/ graunt or I be deed
To clayme by mercy/ for myne inherytaunce
That w sharpe thorne/ were crowned or thy heed
Or I passe hens: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

¶ And one requeſt/ in eſpecyall
Graunt me Jeſu/ whyle I am here a lyue
Euer to enpzint/ in my memoziall
The remembzaunce/ of thy woundes fyue
Nayles/ with the ſpere: that dyd thyne hert ryue
Thy croune of thozne/ which was no ſmale penaũ
Langage/ and tong: me duely foz to ſhziue (ce
The holy vncyon: ſhzift/ houſell/ repentaunce.

¶ All the tokens/ of thy bytter paſſyon
I pzay the Jeſu/ gráue them in my memozie
Duely marke/ mydde centyz of my reaſon
On Caluery/ thy tryumphall vyctozie
Wan to reſtoze/ to thyne eternall glozie
By medyacion/ of thy meke ſufferaunce
Out of this eryle/ vnſure and tranſytozie
And whan we paſſe: ſhzift houſell/ repentaunce

¶ Of thy mercy/ reqzyzing the to myne
Of my mynde the mydde poynt mooſt pzofoumde
This wozde Jeſu my fyue wyttes tenlumyne
In length and bzede/ lyke a large woũnde
All ydell thoughtes/ to auoyde them and cõfounde
Thy croſſe/ thy ſcourge: thy garmẽt caſt at chaũce
The rope/ the pyllour: to which thou were boũde
Graunt oz I dye: ſhzift/ houſell/ repentaunce.

¶ Of this pzayer/ meekely I make an ende
Under thy mercyfull ſuppoztacyon
O gracyous Jeſu/ graunt where euer I wende
To haue memozie/ vpon thy paſſyon

Testymoniall/ of my redempcion
In my testament/ set for allegeaunce
This cause last/ of my peticyon
Graunt or I dye: shrift/ housell/ repentaunce.

BRITISH MUSEUM

¶ Finis orationis.

DUryng the tyme / of this season Vere
I meane ẏ season / of my yeres grene
Ginnyng fro chyldhode/ stretcheth vp
To ẏ yeres acõpted/ fully. xv. (so fere
By experyence/ as it was well sene
The gerysshe season/ strong of condycion
Dysposed to many/ vnbrideld passyon.

¶ Voyde of reason/ gyuen to wylfulnesse
Frowarde to vertue of Christ gaue lytell hede
Lothe to lerne/ loued no vertuous besynesse
Saue play or myrth/ straung to spell or rede
Folowyng all appetytes longyng to chyldhede
Lightly tournyng: wylde/ and selde sadde
Wepyng for nought/ and a none after gladde.

¶ For lytell worth/ to stryue with my felawe
As my passyons/ dyd my bridell lede
Of the yarde/ stode I somtyme in awe
To be scoured/ that was all my drede
Lothe towarde scole/ lost my tyme in dede
Lyke a yong colt/ that ranne without bridell
Made my frendes gyue good / to spende in ydell.

¶ I had in custome/ to come to scole late
Nat for to lerne/ but for a countenaunce
With my felawes/ redy to debate
To iangle and iape/ was set all my plesaunce
Wherof rebuked/ this was my cheuysaunce
To forge a lesyng/ and there vpon to muse
Whan I trespased/ my selfe to excuse.

¶ To my better/ dyd no reuerence
Of my soueraynes/ gaue no force at all
Were obstynate/ by inobedyence
Ranne into gardeyns/ appels there I stall
To gather frutes/ spared hedge nor wall
To plucke grapes on other mennes vynes
Was more redy/ than for to say mattynes.

¶ My lust was alway/ to scorne folke and iape
Shrewed tournes/ euer among to vse
To scoffe and mowe/ lyke a wanton ape
Whan I dyd euyll/ other I dyd acuse
My wyttes fyue/ in wast I dyd abuse
Redyer cherystones/ for to tell
Than go to churche/ or here the sacryng bell.

¶ Lothe to ryse/ lother to bedde at eue
With vnwasshe handes/ redy to dynere
My Pater noster/ my Crede: or my beleue
Cast at the cocke: lo/ this was my manere
Waued with eche wynde/ as dothe a rede spere
Snobbed of my frendes/ suche tatches tamende
Made deffe eare/ lyst nat to them attende.

¶ A childe reſẽblyng/ which was nat like to thryue
Frowarde to god/ recheles in his ſeruyce
Lothe to cozrectyon/ ſlothe my ſelfe to ſhzriue
All good thewys/ redy to dyſpice
Chefe belwether/ of fayned trowandyce
This is to meane/ my ſelfe I coude fayne
Sickelyke a trowande/ felt no maner payne.

¶ My pozt/ my pace: my fote alway vnſtable
My loke/ myne eyen: vnſure and vacabounde
In all my werkes/ ſodenly chaungeable
To all good thewys/ contrary I was founde
Nowe ouerſad/ nowe mournyng: nowe tocounde
Wylfull/ recheles/ madde: ſtartyng as an hare
To folowe my luſt for nothyng wolde I ſpare.

¶ Entryng this tyme/ into relygion
Unto the ploughe/ I put fozthe my hande
Ayere complete/ made my pzofeſſyon
Conſydezing lytell charge/ of thylke bande
Of perfectyon/ full good example I founde
The techyng good/ in me was all the lacke
With Lothes wyfe/ I loked oft a backe.

¶ Taught of my maiſters/ by vertuous dyſciplyne
My loke reſtrayne/ and kepe cloſe my ſyght
Of bleſſed Benet/ to folowe the doctryne
And bere me lowly/ to euery maner wyght
By thaduertence/ of myne inwarde ſyght
Caſt to godwarde/ of hole affectyon
To folowe thempziſes/ of my pzofeſſyon.

¶ This holy rule was vnto me radde
And expounde/ in full notable wyse
By vertuous men/ relygious and sadde
Full well expert/ discrete/ prudent/ and wyse
And obseruauntes/ of many goostly empryse
I herde all well/ but towchyng to the dede
Of that they taught/ I toke but lytell hede.

¶ Of relygion/ I ware a blacke habyte
Onely outwarde/ as by good apparence
To folowe the charge/ sauoured but a lyte
Saue by a maner/ counterfet pretence
But in effect/ there was none exystence
Lyke to the ymage/ of Pygmalyon
Shewed lyffely/ and was nat but a ston.

¶ Upon the ladder/ with staues thryse three
The nyne degrees/ of vertuous mekenesse
Called in the rule/ degrees of humylite
Where on to ascende/ my fete me lyst nat dresse
But by a maner/ fayned false humblesse
So couertly/ whan folkes were present
One to shewe outwarde/ an other in myne entent.

¶ First/ where I forsoke myne owne wyll
Shet with a locke/ of obedyence
To obey my souerayns/ as it was right and skyll
To folowe the scole/ of perfyt pacyence
To my emynes/ do worshyppe and reuerence
Folowyng the reuers/ toke all an other wey
What I was bydden/ I coude well disobey.

¶ With tong at large/ and brotell conscyence
Full of wordes/ dysordinate of langage
Recheles/ to kepe my lyppes in scylence
Mouth: eye/ and eares/ toke their auauntage
To haue their course/ vnbrideld by outrage
Out of the raynes/ of attemperaunce
To sensualyte/ gaue all the gouernaunce

¶ Watche out of tyme: ryot/ and dronkennesse
Unfructuous talkyng/ intemperat dyete
To vayne fables/ I dyd myne eares dresse
False detractyon among/ was to me swete
To talke of vertue/ me thought it was nat mete
To my courage/ nor my complexyon
Nor nought/ that sowned towarde perfectyon.

¶ One with the first/ to take my dysport
Last that arose to come to the quere
In contemplacyon/ I founde but small confort
Holy storyes/ dyd to me no chere
I sauoured more/ in good wyne that was clere
And euery houre/ my passage to dresse
As I sayd erst/ in ryotte or excesse.

¶ Coude grudge/ and founde no cause why
Causles/ oft complayned of my fare
Gayne my correctyons/ answered frowardly
Without reuerence/ lyst no man to spare
Of vertue and pacyence/ I was all bare
Of recheles youth/ I lyst none hede to take
What Christ Jesu/ suffred for my sake.

¶Which nowe remembrynge/ in my later age
Tyme of my chyldhode/ as I reherce shall
Within fyftene/ holdyng my passage
Wydde of a cloyster/ depyct vpon a wall
I sawe a crucyfixe/ whose woũdes were nat small
With this worde/ vide/ wrytten there besyde
Beholde my mekenes chylde/ and leaue thy pryde.

¶The which worde/ whan I dyd vnderstande
In my last age/ takyng the sentence
Theron remembrynge my penne I toke in hande
Gan to wryte/ with humble reuerence
On this worde vide/ of humble dyligence
In remembrynge/ Christes passyon
This lytell dyte/ this compylacion.

¶Nota.

¶Beholde: O man/ lyft vp thyne eye and se
What mortall payne/ I suffred for thy trespace
With pyteous voyce/ I cry and say to the
Beholde my woundes/ beholde my blody face
Beholde the rebukes/ that do me so manace
Beholde myne enmyes/ that do me so dyspyce
And howe that I/ to refourme the to grace
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifice.

¶Beholde the paynes/ of whom that I was take
Beholde the cordes/ with which that I was boũde
Beholde ỹ armours/ which made myne hert quake
Beholde the gardyne/ in which ỹ I was founde

Beholde howe Judas/ toke.xxx.pens rounde
Beholde his treason/ beholde his couetyse
Beholde howe I/ with many a mortall wounde
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Se my dyscyple/ which that hath me solde
And se his fayned/ false salutacyon
And se the money/ which that he hath tolde
And se his kyssing/ of false decepcyon
Beholde also/ the compassed false treason
Take as a theefe/ with lanternes in their gyse
And afterwarde/ for mannes redempcyon
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Beholde to Cayphas howe I was presented
Beholde howe Pylate/ lyst gyue me no respyte
Beholde how bysshops/ were to my deth assented
And se howe Herode/ had me in dyspyte
And lyke a fole/ I was cladde in whyte
Drawen as a felone/ in mooste cruell wyse
And last of all/ I after their delyte
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Beholde ye mynysters/ which had me in keppyng
Beholde the pyller/ and the ropes strong
Where I was bounde/ my sydes downe bledyng
Mooste felly beate/ with their scourges long
Beholde the batayle/ that I dyd vnderfong
The brunt abyding/ of their mortall empryse
Thorough their accusyng/ and sclaunders wrong
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Beholde and se/ the hatefull wretchednes
Put agayne me/ to my confusyon
Myne eyen hydde/ and blynded with darkenes
Beat and eke bounde/ by false illusyon
Salewed in skorne/ by their false knelyng downe
Beholde all this/ and se the mortall gyse
Howe I onely/ for maimes saluacyon
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Se the wytnesse/ by whome I was deceydue
Beholde the iudges/ that gaue me iugement
Beholde the crosse/ that was for me deuysed
Beholde my body/ with beatyng all to rent
Beholde the people/ which of false entent
Causeles/ dyd agayne me ryse
Which lyke a lambe/ of malyce Innocent
Was for mankynde/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Beholde the woman/ that folowed me afterre
That sore wept/ whan I thus was assayled
Beholde the iewes/ which by their cruell werre
Haue my body/ vnto a crosse nayled
Beholde my tourmẽtes/ moost sharply aparayled
Atwene two theues/ put to my iewyse
Beholde how we moche my dethe/ hath eke auayled
That was for man/ offred in sacrifyce.

¶ Behold ỹ spere/ moost sharply grounde & whet
Myne hert wounded/ vpon the right syde
Beholde the redespere/ gall and ysell fet
Beholde the scourgyng/ which that I dyd abyde

And fyue woundes/ that were made so wyde
Which/ no man lyst of ruthe to aduertyse
And thus I was of mekenes agayne pryde
For mannes offence/ offred in sacrifice.

¶ See my disciples/ howe they haue me forsake
And fro me fledde/ almoost euerychone
See howe they slept/ lyst nat with me wake
Of mortall drede/ they left me all alone
Except my mother/ and my cosyn saynt Johñ
My dethe complayning/ in moost dolefull wyse
See/ fro my crosse they wolde neuer gone
For mannes offence/ offred in sacrifice

¶ See howe I was iudged/ to the dethe
See Barabau gone/ at his lyberte
See/ with a spere/ howe Longyus me slethe
Beholde two lycours/ dystillyng downe fro me
See blode and water/ by mercyfull plente
Rayle by my sydes/ which ought ynough suffice
To man/ whan I vpon the rode tre
Was lyke a lambe/ offred in sacrifice.

¶ Beholde the knyghtꝭ/ which by their frowarde
Sate for my clothes/ at the dyce to pley (chaunce
Beholde my mother/ sownyng for greuaunce
Upon the crosse/ whan she sawe me dey
Beholde the sepulture/ in which my bones ley
Kept with strong watche/ tyll I dyd aryse
Of hell gates se/ howe I brake the key
And gaue for man/ my blode in sacrifice.

¶ Agayne thy pryde/beholde my great mekenesse
Gayne thyne enuy/ beholde my charyte
Gayne thy lechery/ beholde my chast clennesse
Gayne thy couetyse/ beholde my pouerte
Atwene two theues/ nayled tyll a tre
Rayled with reed blode/ they lyst me so disgyse
Beholde: O man/ all this I dyd for the
Meke as a lambe/ offred in sacryfice.

¶ Beholde my loue/ and gyue me thyne agayne
Beholde I dyed/ thy raunsome for to pay
Se: howe my hert is open/ brode and playne
Thy goostly enmyes/ onely to affray
In harder batayle/ no man might assay
O all tryumphes/ the gretteste hygh empryse
Wherfore: O man/ no lengar the dismay
I gaue my blode for the/ in sacryfice.

¶ Tourne home agayne/ thy synne forsake
Beholde and se/ if ought be left behynde
Howe I to mercy/ am redy the to take
Gyue me thy hert/ and be nomore vnkynde
Thy loue and myne/ togyther do them bynde
And let them neuer part/ in no wyse
Whan thou were lost/ thy soule agayne to fynde
My blode I offred/ for the in sacryfice.

Enprynt these thynges/ in thyne in warde thought
And graue them depe/ in thy remembraunce
Thynke on them well/ and forgete them nought
All this I suffred/ to do the allegyaunce

And with my sayntes/ to gyue the suffysaunce
In the heuenly court/ for the I do deuyse
A place eternall/ a place of all plesaunce
For which my blode/ I gaue in sacrifyce.

And more my mercy/ to put at a prefe
To euery synner/ that none ne shall it myssse
Remembre/ howe I gaue my mercy to the thefe
Which had so long trespased/ and done a myssse
Went he nat frely/ with me to paradyse
Haue this in mynde/ howe it is my gyse
All repentaunt/ to bring to my blysse
For whom my blode/ I gaue in sacrifyce.

Tary no lengar/ towarde thy herytage
Haste on thy way/ and be of right good chere
Go eche day onwarde/ on thy pylgremage
Thynke howe short tyme/ thou shalt abyde here
Thy place is bylded/ aboue the sterres clere
None erthly palaes/ wrought in so stately wyse
Come on my frende/ my brother moost entere
For the I offred/ my blode in sacrifyce.

Thus endeth the testament of Johñ Lydgate monke of Bery/ on whose soule Jesu haue mercy.

Et sic est finis/ sit laus et gloria trinis.

Emprinted at Lõdon in fletestrete/ by Richard Pynson: printer vnto the kynges noble grace. With priuylege of our souerayne lorde the kyng.

INRI
BRITISH
MUSEUM